

SPAWN



123



DIGITAL
EDITION

SPAWN.COM



TODD McFARLANE AND
IMAGE COMICS PRESENT

salvation road - part III

DEDICATED TO
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STORY
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SPAWN 122 SUMMARY

While relishing the simple joys of everyday life, vague memories persist as Al tries to assemble the disparate pieces of his past life. Elsewhere, in a small apartment, a young Wiccan named Nyx senses that the man with no shadow needs her help. As detectives try to unravel the mystery of how a man alone in a locked cell could be skinned alive, the mention of Wanda's name suddenly gets Twitch's attention. Meanwhile, Al discovers that, sometimes, there's good reason to be afraid of your own shadow.



TODD McFARLANE
PRODUCTIONS



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SOMETHING
WAS DONE TO
YOU. SOMETHING
WAS STOLEN. TAKEN
FROM YOU. AND
IT'S LEFT YOU
INCOMPLETE.

I WANT TO
HELP YOU PUT
THINGS BACK
TOGETHER.



BUT WHY?
WHY WOULD
SOMEONE... I
MEAN, WHY
ME?

I CAN'T SAY
FOR SURE. I THINK
YOU MUST HAVE BEEN
SOMEONE IMPORTANT.
OR SOMEONE VERY
DANGEROUS.

WOW.



DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT. WE'LL
WORK IT OUT.
THING IS, THE PART
THAT WAS STOLEN,
THE THING THAT'S
MISSING...

IT WANTS
TO BE WITH YOU
AGAIN.

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



I'LL EXPLAIN
LATER. FOR NOW, LET
ME TAKE YOU BACK
TO MY PLACE.

YOU NEED
A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP. AND WE'RE
GOING TO HAVE TO
DO SOMETHING
ABOUT THOSE
CLOTHES.



WE HAVE A LOT OF QUESTIONS FOR YOU, WYNN.

WHY WOULD ANYONE WANT TO STEAL THE BODY OF A DEAD OPERATIVE?

HOW EXACTLY DID SIMMONS DIE?

WERE YOU HIDING SOMETHING?

SIMMONS...?

THE FILES ARE CONSPICUOUSLY INCOMPLETE.

YES, WHY IS THAT?

DID YOU BURY SOMETHING WITH HIM?

MR. WYNN... WE'RE WAITING.

UNLESS YOU WANT TO GO BACK TO YOUR HOLE, YOU'D BEST GIVE US SOME ANSWERS.

I...

SIMMONS...? NO... HE'S... HE'S...

JUST TELL THEM THE TRUTH!



TELL THEM THAT AL SIMMONS IS A MONSTER RETURNED FROM THE DEAD. TELL THEM HE'S A SOLDIER FROM HELL...



TRUST ME! THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE!



ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME WITH THIS CRAP? THEY ALREADY THINK YOU'RE NUTTIER THAN SQUIRREL DUNG!

TRUST ME! YOU WANT TO PLAY THIS ONE CLOSE TO THE VEST.



STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT!



TRUTH!



LIE!

MR. WYNN?
CAN YOU
HEAR ME?

FEELS
GREAT!

LESS
SINFUL!

FEELS
GREAT!

LESS
SINFUL!

OKAY...
NOW
YOU'VE
DONE IT!

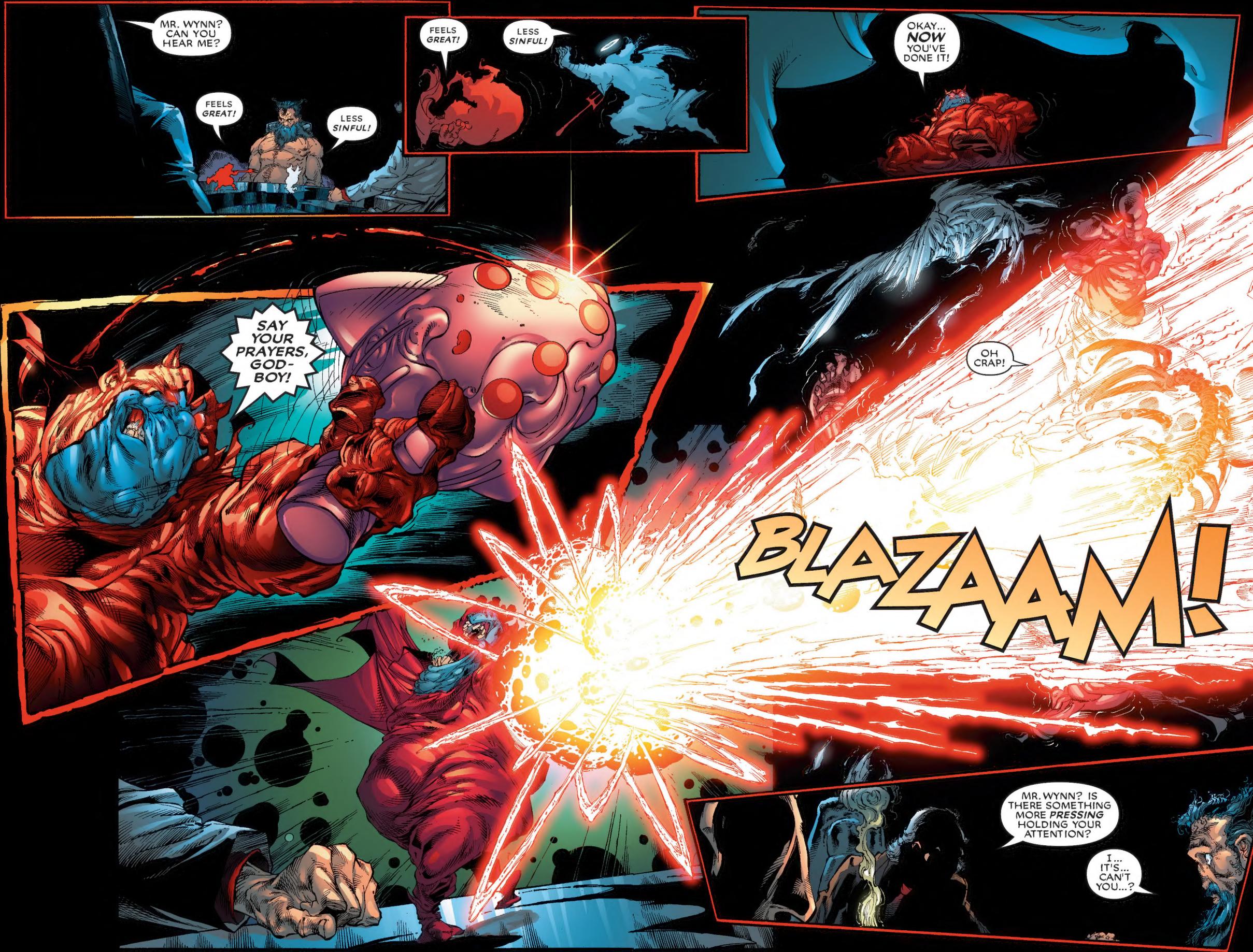
SAY
YOUR
PRAYERS,
GOD-
BOY!

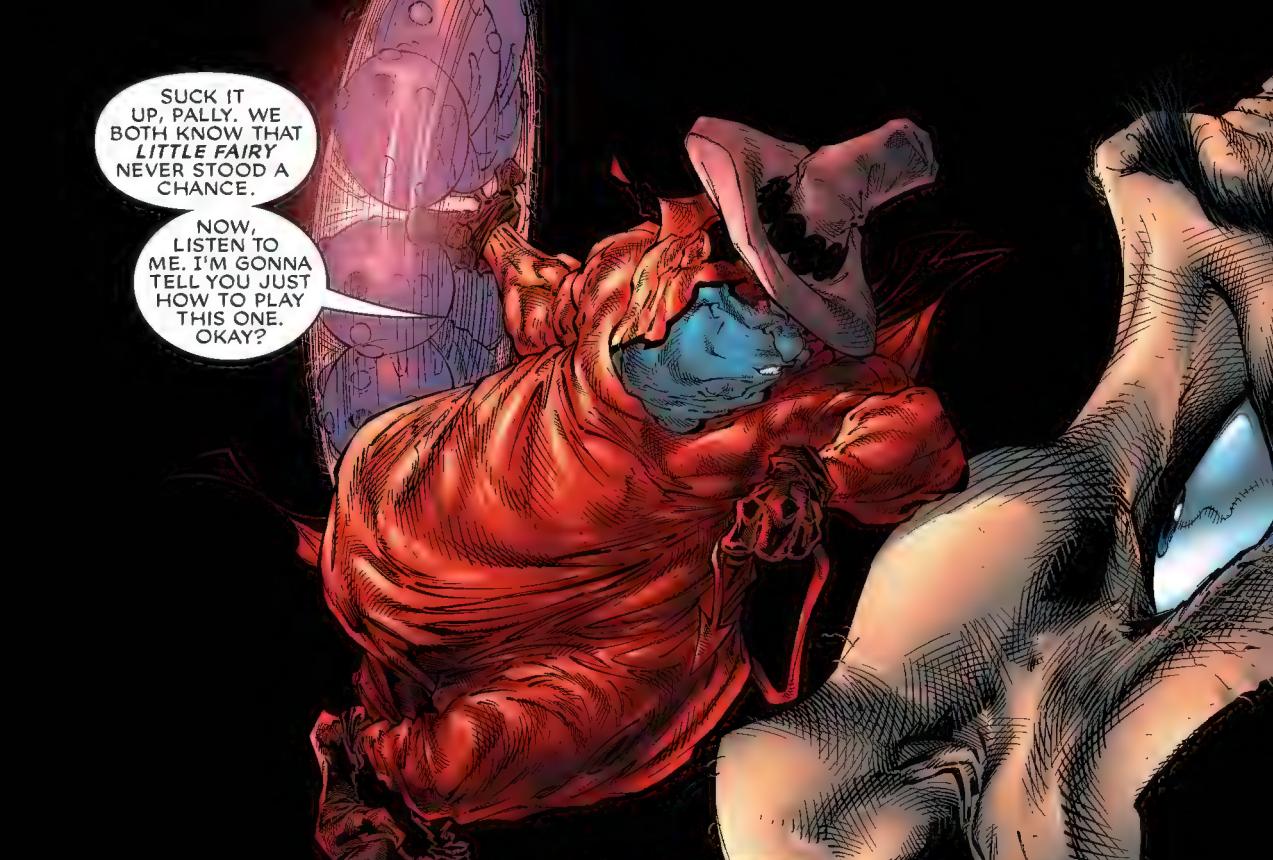
OH CRAP!

BLAZAAM!

MR. WYNN? IS
THERE SOMETHING
MORE PRESSING
HOLDING YOUR
ATTENTION?

I...
IT'S...
CAN'T
YOU...?





SUCK IT UP, PALLY. WE BOTH KNOW THAT LITTLE FAIRY NEVER STOOD A CHANCE.

NOW, LISTEN TO ME. I'M GONNA TELL YOU JUST HOW TO PLAY THIS ONE. OKAY?



OKAY.



MR. WYNN,
WE ARE BUSY
MEN. OUR
PATIENCE HAS
ITS LIMITS.

MR.
WYNN?



GENTLEMEN...
IT SEEMS WE'RE AT
AN IMPASSE. I GIVE YOU
WHAT YOU WANT AND
YOU THROW ME BACK
IN THAT HORRID
LITTLE CELL.

HARDLY AN
INCENTIVE TO
COOPERATE.



WHAT ARE
YOU GETTING
AT, WYNN? YOU'RE
NOT IN A POSITION
TO NEGOTIATE.

OH...
I THINK I
AM.



THE INFORMATION YOU WANT ISN'T IN THE FILES BECAUSE I DID NOT PUT IT THERE. I AM IN SOLE POSSESSION OF THOSE FACTS. THOSE FACTS AND MANY OTHERS.

NOW, I'M MORE THAN WILLING TO COOPERATE, BUT I EXPECT SOME CONSIDERATION IN RETURN. GRAB A PEN, YOU WANT TO WRITE THIS DOWN.

FIRST, I WANT A LONG, HOT SHOWER IN PRIVATE.

SECOND, I WOULD LIKE SOME CLEAN, WELL-MADE CLOTHES.

THEN I WOULD LIKE TO SIT IN A COMFORTABLE CHAIR AND ENJOY AN AGREEABLE MEAL.

THEN I WANT A LAWYER.

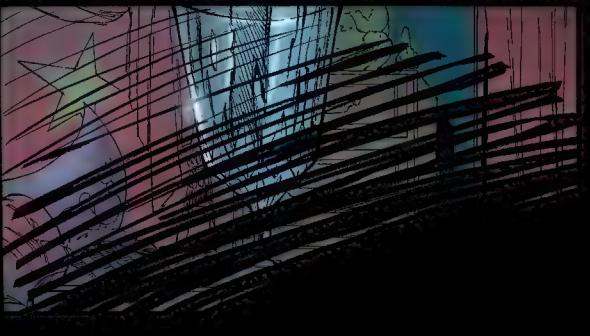
AND THEN, WHEN I'VE FINISHED...





I ...





THE TUG OF THE
MOON PULLS MY
EYES OPEN.

MOUTH DRY.
HEAD STUFFED
WITH SAND.



THERE'S PAIN.
SMALL, BUT
THROBBING.



I ASSUME IT'S
NOTHING.

A LITTLE SNAG,
NOTHING MORE.



BUT THEN
I SEE IT FOR
WHAT IT IS.



A
FATAL
FLAW.

PERHAPS IT
HAD BEEN
THERE ALY-
ALONG...

JUST WAITING
FOR ME TO
TUG AT IT.



WAITING TO
UNRAVEL.

I SLOUGH OFF
THE PAST LIKE
OLD, DEAD SKIN.
THEN I SEE IT.

THE UGLY
UNDERNEATH.

DEEP
INSIDE,
AT MY
CORE.
THIS IS
WHAT
I AM.

IT HAD
BEEN THERE
ALL ALONG.



NEW BORN.
A MOTH WITH
FRAIL, DAMP
WINGS.

BUT THEN
I MOVE,
SPURRED
BY THE
NIGHT.

THESE WILD
APPENDAGES, THESE
CHAINS FORGED BY
MY OWN HAND...

THEY
COME
ALIVE.

THEY DANCE
AND FLAIL AND
REACH BEYOND
THE DARK
HORIZON.

CRIMSON
MOTH-
WINGS
BILLOW,
SPREAD
LIKE BLOOD
IN DARK
WATERS.

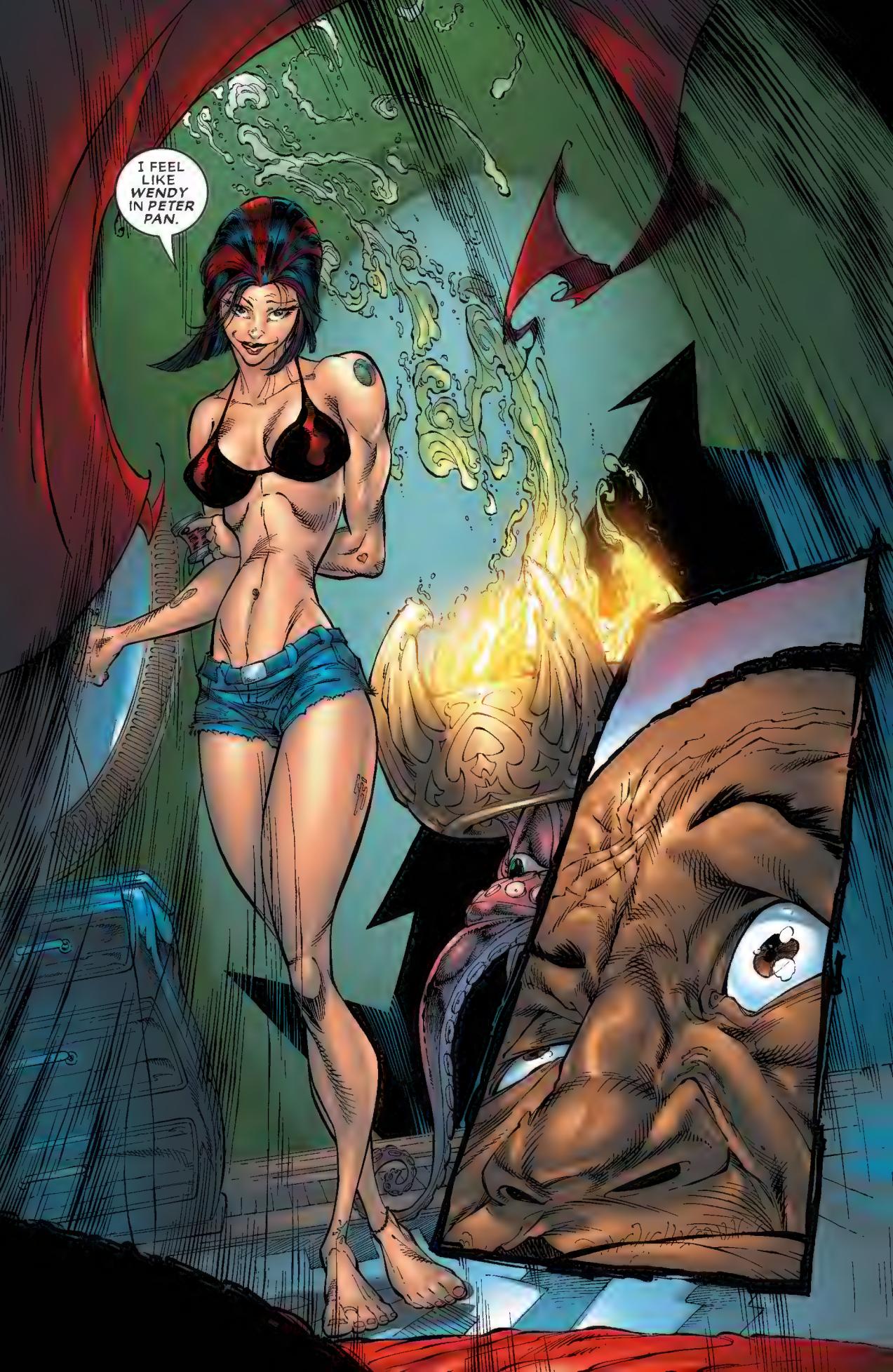
I WANT TO
SCREAM.



I WANT TO
SCREAM.

BUT I
CAN'T.

GOOD.
YOU'RE
AWAKE. I
WAS GETTING
ANXIOUS.



I FEEL
LIKE
WENDY
IN PETER
PAN.





DON'T
WORRY. YOU
CAN HAVE IT BACK
WHEN WE'RE
DONE.

THE
MOON'S
AT ITS
APOGEE.



IT'S
TIME.



JUST TRY
AND RELAX,
OKAY? I MEAN, I
KNOW HOW THIS
MUST LOOK.

BUT
YOU'RE
JUST
GOING TO
HAVE TO
TRUST
ME.

I
WON'T
LIE TO
YOU,
AL...



THIS IS
GOING
TO
HURT.





EMPIRE

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